

# Timothy Ware

By RACHEL B. HAMILTON.

Mr. Timothy Ware stood at his garden gate and looked down the road. You might have noticed him, perhaps, as you passed along—a wrinkled, keen-eyed, elderly man. Now elderlyness, I take it, is further off from the sweet ripeness and flavor of old age than youth itself. To be elderly presupposes some thinness of blood, some sort of inexpressible poverty of nature, such as there seems to be all about this region where T. Ware's house is located—a range of long, low-lying, uneasy hills that could never settle themselves to anything; a sandy, incapable stretch of threadbare grass and stunted woodland.

It was not an easy thing to imagine that just over the south ridge lay a smiling and fruitful country, a thrifty settlement of Quaker farmers, who held themselves, perhaps, a little too much aloof from this inhospitable neighborhood.

It was a chill October afternoon, and the low slant rays of the setting sun looked furtively out from a blue-black ridge of cloud over the garden and the garden's owner. There had been a frost over-night, which had wiped out almost every lingering vestige of summer-time. A few elderly beans hung shrimkling to their poles in the bleak background; a scanty patch of corn rustled its sere leaves forlornly in the wind, with here and there a pumpkin ripening sparsely between, and turning out its yellow roundness to the sun, as resolved to put the best face on things that was possible; while, tall and stark, a row of sunflowers, flapping gauntly above the hedge, overlooked the desolation.

As old Ware stood there at his gate and looked about him, with his faded red cap on his head and his lank dressing-gown clinging about him, he seemed verily a part of the frost-bitten scene, illustrating it feebly, like an ill-cut frontispiece in a badly printed volume. Yet there was a tradition that he had once upon a time been the chief figure in a great concern somewhere in town, and that in some forgotten period long ago the old weather-beaten house had flaunted gayly in a new coat of paint and bright green shutters, and was bright with new carpets and curtains to welcome a coming bride. But all that was so far away now that people had forgotten the date, and could not recall that they had ever been interested in anything concerning old Ware.

Tin Ware, Esq., the boys called him—a nickname based, perhaps, on a floating legend of miser-made wealth stowed somewhere away in the loose clap-boarding of his tenement, or perhaps intended briefly to bear testimony to the value set upon him in the community—Tin Ware, Esq., was not a popular man among the lads of the village. They had a persistent inclination to hoot him, to gibe at him, and to torment his lean, ill-tempered dog, which followed his master everywhere with a snarling and objectionable faithfulness. The boys, considering all these things, felt themselves called upon to vindicate the claims of justice by robbing old Ware's orchard and breaking into his melon patch. Things in this way were brought to a sort of balance. I myself saw one day, as I passed his fence, a huge charcoal placard, reading thus:

B. Ware of The DAWG.

And many a bare-legged youngster, I have no doubt, hid snickering in the hedge at the sight of old Ware slowly deciphering the scrawl in wrathful spectacles.

But very few besides the boys ever troubled the old man with attentions, either for good or ill. He seemed to have slipped from the mind of both men and fate—an elderly, shrivelled old figure whom Time had forgotten to dignify with gray hair.

He looked up and down the road keenly with his frosty blue eye, not as a man who expected anything or anybody, but simply because it was his habit to look sharply. And yet as this northeasterly glance swept the road, there came along it something far from unpleasant to look upon—a gray figure in a Quaker bonnet. There would have been a smile of welcome in almost anybody's eye as the plump, quiet Quaker face of Rebecca Rhodes approached, but not a spark kindled in old Ware's flinty gray orbs.

Rebecca's well-kept acres lay just beyond him, over the south ridge, and all about her farmhouse was trim and tidy, clean and wholesome, as Rebecca herself. It must have been the love of contrast that brought her in range of Timothy's dilapidated surroundings; but of all living things in the village Rebecca alone had a good word for him, and stopped of an odd afternoon now and then to wish him good-day over the gate.

"I have brought thee a loaf of sweet bread, neighbor," said she. "I'd an uncommon good baking this week, and I thought thee might not take it amiss to try a loaf." She held forth in her plump, white hand a snow-white napkin, opening its folds temptingly as she did so.

"I'm wanting naught," was the gruff reply. "Week-old bread's good enough for me, and I make no doubt it might be far better for some other folk than the dainty trash they're set upon—women-folk leastways."

The blood came into Rebecca's calm face, but there was no vexation in her answer. "Thee'd never set aside an old friend like that, neigh-

bor," she said. "Nay, nay; I recommend thee try the loaf. It's spoken well of, is my sweet bread, the country round. Thee will not shorten thy days much by just one trial, and if thee likes it not, I'll never trouble thee again."

Even the imperturbable face of old Ware shows a slight smile at this mingling of acerbity and sweetness, but he made no demonstration.

"I am on my way to see old Betsey," says Rebecca, quietly extending her hand and placing the loaf on the gate-post. "She's one of the town's poor—or rather one of the Lord's poor, I think, for she doesn't belong to this township. Poor old Betsey!"

One might have imagined that old Ware gave a sort of start just now, as if an invisible electric shock had struck him. He was not used to hearing sympathetic talk of any kind. It tried his nerves, probably.

"One of the wretched vagrants that are pauperizing the community, wandering hither and yon," growled Timothy.

"Aye, aye, neighbor," says Rebecca, softly and wistfully; "a hard time they have it, poor things! And this many a year has she been a wanderer and a vagabond on the face of the earth, has poor old Betsey." She takes the white-covered loaf absently with her large, shapely hand, looks up and down the road with thoughtful gray eye, sighs softly, and goes her way, leaving loaf and napkin capping the gate-post. And there you might have seen it at night-fall, if you had chanced that way; for hadn't Timothy told the woman he didn't want it? and was he the man to demean himself after that? And your speculating on the singular stubbornness of the human heart would not have been lessened had you caught sight of him, by the flickering candle in his upper window, sitting there motionless with an eye on the gate below. Perhaps he expected Rebecca back after her gift. I do not know.

"She's one of the town poor, is old Betsey," said Rebecca, meekly, and had said it meekly year after year, striving to allure the vagrant old woman into feeling at home on the charity list of the good towns-folk, and to rest her aching old bones in the town poor-house. But old Betsey was not to be trapped.

If one must be poor and ragged, at least let one have plenty of fresh-air leisure, says old Betsey. To be a pauper and a drudge both is a little too much. And to be preached to, and prayed over and hedged in right

and left, and to scrub work-house floors and scour work-house knives, all for a bit of bread—bah! that is all unbearable, says old Betsey, shrugging her bony shoulders under her ragged shawl, and setting out warily on her ever-lasting tramp. She is an incorrigible vagrant, utterly irremediable. Perhaps Rebecca thinks a half-fledged thought like this when she finds her prey has escaped her and is fairly on the road again.

On the road again, untamable, ragged, hungry and free. She walks at a rapid, uneven pace, her thin shawl fluttering in the wind, her untidy slippers flapping at her heels. It grows dusk as she steals along; the road is dreary with cloud and shadow, and with a mocking moon that gleams out now and then, dodging viciously after this gray old ghost of a woman sitting below. There is a white object there ahead of her—something tall and queer, with a round white head. The vagrant swerves a minute out of her way, surveying it furtively. Then she puts forth her claw-like hand and clutches greedily Rebecca's sweet, dainty loaf.

Ah! what a good providence is here! Ah! can it be that Fate should come, for once in a way, with sweetness and luxury in her hand for an old pauper, and night and darkness to devour it in! Bewildered with pleasure, old Betsey hugs the dainty under her faded shawl.

There is a crash then, as if the heavens were falling; a shout that curdles her thievish blood; a rough hand is laid upon her with vise-like grasp. Law and justice seem to have come down bodily upon the marauder; but it is only old Ware, who has been watching from his window. His hand is raised to strike the thief—the thief with vagrant and vagabond written all over her; in her vulpine eyes, her long blue nose, her skinny, claw-like hand. The woman shrinks back, cowering, against the gate-post, with a wheezy cough; the old shawl falls away from her face. Out comes the moon and sails along with a sinister ray pointing right down on the shivering, crouching figure and on the countenance that for one instant upturns toward the assailant.

"My God!" cries Timothy. And that is all. His hand falls at his side, he turns and walks back to the house, leaving the wretch to her plunder.

The wretch is a mere animal, after all—a hunted animal, it is true, with all the greed and cunning of such. She makes her way somewhere with the prize—it doesn't much matter where. But there comes up a storm

at midnight, a blinding, blood-chilling storm that might make the veriest tramp thankful for shelter. Old Ware, sitting motionless in his upper chamber, hears the rafters shake overhead. He listens; perhaps he is afraid the house will come down over his head. The wind raves and shrieks about window and doorway. He gets up by-and-by, and lifting the dripping sash, looks out into the road. He sees nothing; no boys will rob his melon patch to-night, and no beggar come whining to his gate. Afar off, where the road circles to the south land, old Betsey has crawled into the shelter of a way-side barn. No, there is nothing to be seen anywhere about. Timothy shuts the window with a shudder and crawls to bed.

A week after this Rebecca, sweet and titless as a snow-drop, stops at the gate once more.

"Old Betsey, my poor old vagrant, left us last night, neighbor," she says. "The blankets and pillows they sent were a very great charity, but she needeth our charity no more."

"No more?" repeated old Ware, vacantly.

"She died last night," answers Rebecca, and her lip trembles a little.

There is no reply. Rebecca does not break the long, long pause. She is used to the old man's moods. Finally she sets her face to the road again; it is getting late.

"Rebecca," says the old man, abruptly, placing his bony hand upon hers—"Rebecca, you—you needn't put her in Potter's Field. She mightn't rest easy, you know."

"I have no such superstitions, friend," said Rebecca, smiling sweetly. "It can make very little difference to her now where she rests, poor, nameless wanderer."

"She had a name once," said Timothy, standing erect, with a strange flush on his face. "A bright and beautiful woman once was my wife, Elizabeth Ware."

A long and weary winter had passed; a summer has brightened and faded; the autumn twilight is settling softly on bloom and barrenness, as old Ware stands at his gate once more, looking down the road. In his hand is something wrapped in white, which he sets upon the gate-post as a gray-clad, graceful figure comes walking up the road.

"Rebecca," he says, "I return your napkin."

"Nay," says Rebecca, recognizing her own initials—"nay, friend, I have an abundance."

"Open it," interrupts the old man, abruptly. The gentle Quakeress is used to humoring his moods, and as she unties the linen, a diamond ring rolls glittering out upon its edge. There is a box of shining trinkets within and a small gold watch.

"They were all hers once, in the old times," says old Ware, huskily, "before she left me. You may keep

em for her sake, an' ye will." He pauses; there is no answering movement from Rebecca. "Or," he adds, with irritation and sudden energy, "I'll just leave 'em overboard when I quit here for good and all. Yes, I'll quit here for good and all. I never had no home nor no friends—she spoiled all that—and I may as well finish it out that a-way."

Rebecca clears her throat. "It has long been borne in upon me, friend Timothy," she says, in a high, constrained voice, as one who delivers a difficult message—"it has long been borne in upon my mind that thee is living too much alone. There is none to look after thee, or fix thee up a bit comfortable for the winter; and I have had a clear leading from the Lord which I have suffered hitherto to be hidden in my heart—it is that I should offer thee a home with me, neighbor Timothy, if so be it seems good in thy sight."

"A home?" said Timothy, looking up queringly at his weather-beaten old mansion. "As how, Rebecca?"

As how, Rebecca? There was a group of small boys hidden just below the hedge, in the opening where the great apple tree dropped its fruitage on either side of the rails. Tom and Jim and Dick were there, bare-legged, and sly as weasels. Of course the apples belonged to them on that side of the fence; but then night was the safest time for getting them. There was no withstanding the logic of old Ware's dog by any argument of justice and fair play. The twilight had quite faded now, a pale moon shown in the heavens, and there at the gate stood Rebecca, with her hand in Timothy's.

"Whist, fellows! whist! ye needn't to run," cries Tom. "She's goin' to have him for her ole man. Bully for her! She'll never set the dawg onto a feller."

And with full pockets and beating hearts the youngsters file off past old Ware's very gate. Tom gives a loud whistle when the feat is achieved, and stands a moment looking back with an eye of approval. "I knew it all along back," says Tom, oracularly—"course I did; didn't I see old Tin-ware looking down that 'ere road time an' agin arter her? Why, she could sweeten a crab-apple, she could!"

And I think that she did, for the boys of the village had a grand dinner one day, at which Mr. Ware and his Quaker bride walked down among them, smiling right and left, and Tom and Dick nodded knowingly to each other and said, "I told you so."—Good Literature.

## STREET MERCHANTS OF CALLAO.

Most of the Buying and Selling of This Town is Done Outdoors.

To Callao belongs the distinction of presenting the most interesting phases of street life and the most varied types of street characters of any city in the Western Hemisphere, if not in the world.

The way the clouds of the Pacific have of banking in against the Peruvian Andes without precipitating any of their moisture gives a climate which for coolness accompanied by dryness is quite without parallel in similar latitudes. The conditions of out of door life are as near the ideal as in any place in the world, says a correspondent of the Los Angeles Times, and as a result of this probably nine-tenths of Callao's buying and selling is done on the streets. The city has no large shops whatever, and even the arcades so common in most Spanish-American cities are rare; on the other hand, more or less itinerant street vendors and hucksters are legion and practically monopolize the retail trade of the whole town.

Few carts are used in trade, most of the vendors carrying their wares on their heads or on horse or mule back, prominent among the latter class being the panadero or baker. He bakes his bread in a big stone outdoor oven during the early hours of the morning and delivers it during the day. His outfit consists of two big skin covered baskets thrown on each side of a horse, between which he perches himself—usually with both feet on one side as though mounted on a side saddle—and hands out his bread to his customers as they respond to his lusty hail at their doors.

Sacks of stale bread for chicken feed are occasionally carried, being tied to thongs on the outside of the big bags. The bread loaves consist of long slender sticks of glazed gluten, with crust so hard as almost to scratch glass when fresh, and which, stale, will resist a knife blade like a piece of hippo hide. Loaves of five or six feet long are baked for certain feast days; in fact it is said that their length on these occasions is only limited by the width of the extremely narrow streets through which they must be delivered.

The grocer boy delivers in two big bags made of untanned cowhide, with the hair out, and his mount is usually a mule. When his bags are full, on the out trip, he rides on the neck of the mule, but going back, empty, he either rides with one foot in each bag or else climbs in one bag, invites a friend to climb into the other to make a balanced load, and thus has company for the home trip.

One of the funniest things I saw in Peru was a standup game and take slugging match between two youngsters—one in either bag of a delivery outfit—who had evidently come to a serious misunderstanding over something and were having it out then and there, while the old mule, unmoved by the diversion which furnished unlimited amusement for every one along three or four full blocks of Callao's principal street, neither batted an eye nor deviated an iota from the sober measure of his even, plodding tread.

The lechero, or milkman, has a light frame of untanned cowhide fitted to his horse, and in this rests his cans. At the bottom of each can is a little brass faucet for drawing off the milk. As the cream and richer milk rises to the top of the cans it is a common trick of the lecheros to leave the last four or five inches in the bottom for their own use, or that of some favorite customer. Of course food carried thus on horseback comes in for a good deal of jolting, and a good housekeeper is able to tell how long her purchases have been on the way by the amount of chafing her loaf has received and the quantity of butter that floats on her milk.

Perhaps the strangest of all the mounted merchants of Callao is the pollero, or poultryman. His stock is carried in two huge cages, one on either side of his horse, and in compartments in these one may be pretty sure of finding doves, ducks and chickens, and sometimes even geese and turkeys. They buy fowls as well as sell them, and are always ready to enter into any kind of an exchange. The polleros have the name, as a class, of being rather rascally fellows, with an uncontrollable propensity for annexing any stray property that may be left lying around, and "Cuidado, niños, el pollero" ("look out, children, the poultryman") is the usual admonition his coming evokes.

**True Journalist Defined.**  
"Journalism, Politics and the University" was the subject of a lecture by George Harvey, of New York, in the Bromley lecture course at Yale University. Mr. Harvey confined his remarks to a consideration of the proper relationship of journalism to politics and of the university of journalism.

"The master journalist," he said, "must have stability of purpose and coolness of judgment; he must have perspective as well as perception; he must have conscience, character, conviction; his aim must be to uplift humanity, not to profit by its degradation. The master journalist must cherish no personal animosities; though relentless in pursuit of wrongdoers, he must be just and forbearing when vindictiveness could only inflict pain upon the innocent and serve no useful purpose."

Mr. Harvey declared political ambition to be the bane of journalism. "True journalism," he said, "and the politics that seek personal advancement are not and cannot be made co-operative. The journalist must be independent not only of politics but of his community."



New York City.—In this day of over waists and of similar effects the guimpe makes an all important

### Plain Blouse or Guimpe.

The plain guimpe is a favorite one for heavy lace, embroidery and materials of the sort and this season is being made both with long and with short sleeves. This model is perfectly adapted to such material, while it can also be utilized for the blouse of silk and wool materials, in addition to all of which it serves the very practical purpose of making a satisfactory foundation for tucked lingerie materials and the like. When used in this way the plain material can be elaborated to suit individual taste before cutting, and the plain pattern can be laid on so providing the necessary guide as to shape. In this instance, however, embroidered flet net is used as a guimpe with long sleeves and the lining is omitted. The long sleeves are much liked just now for net and other thin materials and are very pretty beneath the short ones of heavier material, but the full three-quarter sleeves gathered into bands can be substituted whenever preferred and both are equally correct.

The blouse consists of the fitted lining, which can be used or omitted as liked and is made with front and backs. It can be adjusted by means of a tape at the waist line as illustrated or gathered and attached to the lining when that is used.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and



feature of the wardrobe. Here is one, that while it gives an exceeding-



ly dressy effect, calls for the smallest possible quantity of all-over lace or other material of a similar sort and which allows a choice of plain or frilled sleeves, in elbow or full length. In the illustration it is made of lawn with the yoke of all over lace and the sleeves of lace edging to match, but tucking or lace edging joined one strip to another, or, indeed, any pretty material that may be liked can be used for the yoke with the sleeves of frills as illustrated or of the material lace edged, or made plain with cuffs. For the foundation, lawn and silk both are correct.

The guimpe is made with front and backs. It is faced to form a yoke, which can be made on either round or square outline, and is finished at the lower edge with a basque portion which does away with fullness over the hips. When frilled sleeves are used the frills are arranged over puff foundations and are finished with bands at their lower edges. The long sleeves, however, are made over fitted linings, which are faced to form the cuffs.

The quantity of material used for the medium size is three yards twenty-one or twenty-four, two and one-half yards thirty-two or two and one-half yards forty-four inches wide with five-eighth yard all-over lace, four and three-quarter yards of lace five inches wide for sleeve.

**Elaborate Braiding.**  
Elaborate braiding is seen on many of the newest models, both in cloth and velvet, the narrow soutache being the most popular

seven-eighth yards eighteen, three and five-eighth yards twenty-two or twenty-four, two and one-half yards,



thirty-two or one and seven-eighth yards forty-four inches wide.

**New Neckwear Style.**  
A distinctive feature of some of the new neckwear is the combination of white and colored linen, which is seen in collars designed for wear with plain white waists, or with striped or checked blouses where the colors will harmonize.

**Panel Effects in Favor.**  
A feature of all the new skirts is the panel effect in the front and back.